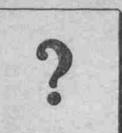
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Love

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER III. A Strange Meeting.

decisively, "if I'm to help you who called on you last evening?" "Last evening? Ali, that wasn't the for she shifted it from band to hand. girl of the picture! It's an intermina- When she came near I spoke to her". ble six days since I've seen her."

"No; I know it wasn't she, having visitor of had night. The question is, Who was it?

"Wait! How did you know that a she said." woman came here last night?"

"From common gossip." "And where have you seen her

"On the beach at Lonesome Cove," "Lonesome Cove," repeated Sodgwick mechanically; then with a star-

tled glance, "Not the dead woman!" Kent nodded, watching him closely. For a space of four heartbeats-one very slow and three very quickthere was allence between them. Kent

"Do you see now the wisdom of frankness?" "You mean that I shall be necessed

of having a hand to her death?" "Strongly suspected, at least," "On what busher

You are the last person known to have seen her allve."

Surely that bu't enough?" "Not of itself. There's a bruise back

of your right enr." Involunturily Sedgwick's band went

"Who gave it to you?" pursued Kent "You know it all without my telling orled Sedgwiele: "but I neve naw the wamman before in my life,

Cont - I give you my word of honor! She came and went, but who she is or why she came or where she went I have no more idea than you have per

hips not nearly so much. There you are wrong. I'm depend ing on you to tell me about hee." "Not If my life hour on the

how could her being found dissward onthe beach be connected with me? "I didn't say that she was found be a fair view, then," I told her,

drowned on the beach." You did not purdon mer it was the

succeeninger loy. But you said that her | the another surprise, for also quoted: body was found in Lonesons Cove." "That Is quite a different marrer."

"She wasn't drowned?". "I should be very much surprised If the autopsy showed any water in

tashed to a grating, and there were of the coast. However, there was no

"Manacled? What a glastly mys are you smiling ut?"

tery!" Sedgwick dropped his chin in "Nothing 4'm sorry i interrupted." meditation. "It she wasa't drowned "She waited away from me a few overboard from a boat is that It?" Chester Kent suited inscrutifity

Terday's visitor's

limiton before the artist rapided, "None-

what will the villagers think of it have just said. In that day you will Being a single untohingraphical chapter when Elder Donnett requires from Ca-know the libiden things that are clear from the life of Francis Sedgeick, with dystown and tells his story, as he is "Does Dennett know the woman?"

"Not but it boy't life fault that he viewing line when he met her on her way to your place.

'She wasn't on her way to an place." objected Sedicwick.

Dennett got the notion that she He hid behind a bush and

"Did he overhear our conversation? "He was too far away. He saw the allack on you. Now, last fit together these similleant bits of fact. body of a woman, dead by violence. Is formil on the beach not far from here The last person, as far as is known to have seen her aliyo is yourself. She called on you, and there was a collgay, amerently vehoment, between you, coluinating in the assault upo you. She hurrfed away. One migh well guess that later you tollowed he

to her death." "I did follow her," said Sedgwick in

a low tone.

"For what purpose" "To find out who afte was."

"Which you didn't succeed in doing?

the was too quide for me. blow of the rock had made me giddy and she got away among the thickets."

That's a pity. One more point of samplefan. Dennett, you say, saw you Listure, 'The Rough Ridge,' He will full every one about it, you muy be

"What of Ity" "The strange coincidence of the sut jest and the apparent manner of the

walmown's death." "People will hardly suspect that I

fore her death. I was sitting on my wall when the woman came down the A Strange Meeting. road. I noticed her first when she ND .ow. Sedgwick," said Kent stopped to look back, and her absurd elegance of dress, expensive and ill fitsuppose you tell me all that time, attractive my closer attention, you know about the woman. She was carrying a bundle wrapped in strong paper. It seemed to be

"You spoke to her first?" "Well, we spoke simultaneously. She seen your picture, and since then your asked me the time. She seemed anxions to know. In fact, I think she used the word 'exact;' 'the exact time,'

Presumably she was on her way to an appointment, then."

"Very likely. When I told her she soomed relieved, might even say relaxed. As if from the strain of nervous basto, you know."

"Good! And then?"

"She thinked me and asked if I were Mr. Sedgwick. I miswered that I was and suggested that she make good by completing the Introduction." "She wasn't a woman of your own

Sødgwick tooked puzzied, "Well, no thought not then or I shouldn't have een so free and easy with her. For one thing, she was painted badly, and the perspiration, running down her forehead, had made her a sight. Yet I don't know. Her voice was that of a cultivated person. Her manner was nwkward and her dress weird for that time of day, and for all that she car ried berself like a person accustomed to some degree of consideration. That feft quite plainty. I felt, tso, something uncarny about her. Her eyes alone would have produced that im-They were peculiarly restless and bellfant."

"Insuras?" questioned Kent.
"Not wholly same certainly. But it might have been drups. That suggest-

ed Itall to Be. "A possibility. Proceed." "She naked what point of the bendfinal gave the best view. 'Anywhere from the first rise on is good," I said.

It depends on what you wish to see, My ship coming in, she said. It will ts a const of guardian resest 'What difference? she said, and then gave "And, though thy cout and langues and

Btill Is then beyond those longues there is

"That's innecesting," remarked Kent. "Cascal female was facers aren't given

to questing 'The House of Life.' Nor equant ships to visiting this part

"It was habed to a grating and man-ship. I looked for myself when I was trying to find the woman later. What all Kent very gently. I know there aren't the work of an amateur?" she

"She walked away from me a few then the war murdered and thrown passes, but parced and came back at

"It follow my star," she said, point-"Suppose you let me do the question ing to a planet that ahone low over the it to my hotel as soon as it is done "It but that at all," she said earning a while. You can give no clew see. Therein lies the only true hap. You can do that, can't you?" estly. "I want the pictures for themwhatsoever to the identity of your yes | pineme to dare and to follow. Remember tills unceting, she sold in a tone wick after some consideration. of solemn command, for it may mark ta epoch in your life. Some dity lq the future I may send for you and re-"If I find it difficult to believe that call reday to your mind by what I will be the last person but one to see Ke

Kest pulled nervously at the lobe of his cur. "In it possible that she fore wave her death?" be murmured.

here was an naganny air of Joyous ess about her too."

I do not the it? inderstand it. What Chester Kent

"Love uffale, perhaps," augusted the my risk of douth. However," he addd, rubbing his familied head reminisently, "she had a very prantical bent or a romantic person. After her mysbelone prophecy she started on called to hee to come back or I would w and make her explain herself."

"As to what?" "Everything her being there, her neher her upparet, the povetry.

for know, and all that." or've said nothing about jeweiry. "Haven't I? Well, when she turn

Just a moment. Was it the Jewel

ry that you were going to apart of when you first accorded her?" valuable, I judge. Wasn't it found on the body.Y"

"Not? Robbery, then, probably sist sugged in exhuming an encion; been miles; Well, she came back at a stride. Her ruin from a square mile of mud." eyes were alive with anoug. There she innabed, but in a moment be days that grew in radiance for me. It came a terrent of words from her came grave again. "I'm so sarry!" but inscessary for me to tell you, Kent. sho with 1 know I shouldn't come how is our talks I came to divine in load woman lab. killed her and set her adrift for a knowing who she was. Refere I could, way. May I-I should like to-buy face. You do not want a leve story modal, I suppose," said the artist hit torig, "purifordariy as Dennett can tall from the road and let me have it. "You may not," I replied.

There was that about her like a tength. When I got "East lant quite fair, is it?" she though. There was that about her

up she was well along toward the liffs, and I never did find her trail in that more of cooses and thickets."

when she attacked you? The artist placed Kent and moved

off five paces. "About like that," he "Did she throw overhand or under-

hand?" "It was so quick I hardly know. But I should say a short overhand snap. It came hard enough."

"I do not like it at all," said Kent agata. "You say that no lewels were found on the body. Was there any other

mark of identification?" 'if there was the sheriff got away with it before I saw it." "How can you be sure, then, that

the dead woman was my visitor?" "Dennett mentioned a necklace. On the crushed flesh of the dead woman's neck there is the plain impress of a lowel setting. Now, come. Sedgwick.



The Artist Placed Kent and Moved Off

if I'm to help you in this you must help me. Had you over seen that neck-

"Yes," was the reply, given with obvious reinemmee

"On the neck of the girl of my pic-Kent's fingers went to his ear, pull-

pendant stretched like rubber. "You're sure!" he suked. There couldn't be any mistake. The

Kent whistied, soft and long. "I'm "I'm very much afraid that you'll have

mance of the pictured face, and this time without reservation." That's what I've been guardiag against," retornal the other. "It Isn't

to tell me the whole story of the re-

savagely, "do you misunderstand?" "No. I don't misunderstand," answar-

are things that can't be spoken not said. "You selly" out for me, simply and fully, and send | nmends by a purchase." "Yes, I can do that," decided Sedg- soives."

My Lady of Mystery,

Being a single antobiographical chapter mly to the chosen minds. Perhaps you relitorial consient by Professor Chaster

EAR Kent-Here goes! I met her list on June 22 at 3 o'clock In the afternoon. Some won derful cloud effects after a hard. 'it would look so, in the light of rain had brought me out into the open. what has happened, wouldn't it? Yet I had pitched my easel in the hollow on the Marrindate road so as to get that clomp of pine against the sky, "I don't like it," amounced Kent. There I set working away with a will, then I heard the dramming of hoofs. By which he meant that he did not and a horse with a girl in the saddle came whizzing round the turn almost sees not understand, Chester Kent re-upon me, Just there the rain had made a moddle of thick, sticky mud, the mend ple variety. As the horse went "A women in here will take by at futt gallop a fine, fat mild ple rose, sound through the air and landed in the middle of my pointing. I Some observation thath

> ever, I went at it and was cursing over don't know what to call you at all." the job when the rider came hark.

"I heard you vry out," said a voice, very full and low, "Did I hart you? I

"No." I said without looking up. "Small thanks to you that you didn't?" Somehow, though, I got the feeling that she was ammed more than abushed at my resentment. And her voice was suspiciously neek when she presently vpoke ngain.

"You're an artist, aren't you?"

should be allowed to repair it."

pose to do it? I suppose that you think came into her face, like the startled a pleture that can be bought for a hun-dred dollar bill can be painted with a flight, whenever I touched upon the hundred dollar bill."

"No; I'm not altogether a Philis- tioned her. tine," she said, and I looked up at her After her first visit she did not ride for the first time. Her face— (Ellsion on her horse, but came across lots and and comment by Kent: I know her through the side bedge, swinging down face from the sketches. Why could the hillside yonder with her light diphe not have described the horse? How- ping stride that always recalled to m

woman of means.) She said: "I don't wonder you're cross. And I'm truly sorry. Is it but studies for a more serious attempt antie reined?"

At that I recovered some decency of manner. "Forgive a hermit," I said, me in two words her height and ap-"who doesn't see enough people to proximate weight?) I did it in pastel, keep him civilized. The daub doesn't and if I missed something of her tenmatter."

She leaned over from the saddle to examine the pleture. "Oh, but it isn't expression—the look of one hoping a daub?" she protested. "I—I know a against hope for an unconfessed haplittle about pictures. It's very interesting and curious. But why do you paint it on copper?

1 explained

"Nothing easier," said L "My shack is just over the hill." "And there is a Mrs." - her eyes suggested that I fill the blank.

Sedgwick?' I finished. "No. There is no one but my aged and highly respeciable Citinaman to play propriety. But in the case of a studio the conventions are not so rigid but that one may look at pictures unchaperoned."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do," she anawered, smiling. "No. I'll have to wait House of Life" also.)
until"— A shadow passed over her "Why not?" I asks face. "I'm afraid I'll have to give

Chance settled that point then and there. As she finished, she was in my The girth had loosened and the saddle had turned with her. I had barely time to twist her foot from the stirrup when the brute of a horse holted. As it was, her ankle got a bit of a wrench. She turned quite tured face. But when I said to her white and cried out a little. In a moment she was berself again.

all day," she said. "I shall have a threw out her hands in a gesture that time catching him." She limped for senf a chill through me. card a few steps.

"Here, that won't do?" said I. "Let

"You couldn't get near him, though perhaps, If you had some salt"-

"I can get some at my place," said I long and rest there while Ching Lung | Kent, you must find her! and I round up your mount."

imperceptibly and unconsciously ce- ably coral. She came the next ment an acquaintance, but not one word upon the vital point of how far ing at the loke until that unoffending the horse seemed to have come. whether he was ridden out or fresh,

At the bungalow I called Ching, and stones were matched case topaxes. We set out with a supply of salt. King You mighta't deal another like it in colo (Comment by C. K.: Probably a we set out with a supply of salt. Kind I am finishing this at 3 a. m.-the mesdead black borses was coy for a time sefore he succumbed to temptation afraid, my bay," he said at length, On my return I found my visitor in, the studio. She had said that she knew a little about pictures. She knew more tion a little-a good deal. destroyed the picture. Help me? in fact and talked most intelligently about them. I don't say this simply

a thing that I can tell, man to man, because she tried before she went to Don't you understand? Or," he added buy some of mine. When I declined

to sell she seemed put out. "But surely these prints of yours

because they are shameful, but because they are sacred. Yet I've got to don't sell without a good bit of barknow about her. Here: I have it, gaining, particularly when I suspect When I'm gone all down and write it my purchaser of wishing to make

"Call this a preliminary, then, and ome back when you have more time." a shadow over the brightness of her with some one who knows and loves. The jaw was long, lean and bony. "Never mind the woman on the the best in art. After all," she added. The cheek benea were high, the mouth beach. This other matter is more than with a note of determination, almost was large, fine cut and firm, the nose life or death. Is that flimsy supposiof deflance, "there is no reason why I shouldn't some time,"

"Then I may look for you again?" I

Blie podded as she moved out across the porch. "If you'll promise to sell berness, of brooding. me may print I may choose. Goodby and think you so much, Mr. Sedgwick!

She held out her hand. It was a hand for acalptor to model, as beautifol and call of character as ber face. (Comment by C. K.; Boshis After word I remembered that never again In our friendship did I see it ungloved. (Comment by C. K., "Bosh" retracted

"An revole, then," I said: "But you To get it all off was tapeless: How, have the advantage of me, yea see. I

She besideted, then, with a little soft quiver of her eyelids, which I after ward learned to identify as an evidence of amusement, said: "Daw is a tilce name, den't you think'y' (Comment by C. K.: Palse name, of course but highly probable first name is Mar horie.; "By the way, what time is it?"

"Quarter to 5, Miss Dave." She emiled at the name: "King Cole will have to do his boot If I am to be back for dinner. Goodby," (Comment by C. K.: Good! The place where she "No." I said, busily scraping away is staying is a good way off, assuming at my copperplate. "I'm an archeolo a 7:30 dinner hour. Say twolve to the

That was the first of many visits, of bred woman loft there. I insisted on plungling around turns in that reckiess | her n spirit as wietful and pure as her

mystery of her, her quickly given trust "Repair?" said I. "How do you pro- in me, a certain strained look that personal note. Not that I ever ques-

ever, there's one point clear: she is a the swoop of a swallow, her gloved woman of means.) the swoop of a swallow, her gloved hands usually holding a slender stick.

All those sketches that you saw were to catch and fix her personality, (Comment by C. K .: Couldn't be have given der and changeful coloring 1 at least caught the ineffable wistfulness of her places. Probably I had put more of myself into it than I had meant. man is likely to when he paints with his heart as well as his brain and "Oh!" she said. "I should so like to hand. When it was done I made a little frame for it and lettered on the frame this line:

"And her eyes dreamed against a

distant gool." It was the next day that she read the line. I saw the color die from her

face and flood back again. "Why did you set that line there?" she breathed, her eyes fixed on me with a strange expression. (Comment by C. K.: Rossettl again. The dead woman of the beach quoted "The

"Why not?" I asked. "It seems to express something in you which I have is, the first time I saw her. The next tried to embody in the picture. Don't you like it?"

She repeated the line softly, making pure music of it. "I love it," she said.
At that I spoke as it is given to a man to speak to one woman in the world when he has found her. She listened, with her eyes on the pic-"You, who have all my heart, and ent she was berself again. whose name, even, I have not-is "King Cole has been acting badly there no word for me," she rose and

"Oh, no! No!" she cried vehemently. "Nothing-except goodby. Oh, why

I stood and watched her go. That was five interminable days ago, I have not seen her since. I feel it is gathering up my things. "Your horse is her will that I shall never see her headed that way. You'd better come again. And I must! You understand,

I forgot to tell you that when I was (Comment by C. K.: Here follows sketching her L asked if she could more talk, showing how young people bring something plak to wear, preferwith a string of the most beautiful rose topuzes I have ever seen, set in a most curious old gold design. It was that necklace and none other that the weman with the bundle wore, half

concealed, when she came here. Today-it is yesterday really, since renger boy brought me a telegram. It was from my love. It had been sent

from Boston and It read: Destroy the picture for my sake. It tells too much of both of us. The message was unsigned. I have

CHAPTER V. An Inquiry. 31 I country a Strangers' Rest here?" Francis Sedgwick asked of bimself when he emerge even I judge, her malden imme." ed upon his porch the morn-

ing after Kent's visit. The occasion of this query was a man?" he demanded. man stretched flat on the lawn, with his feet propped up comfortably against [177] returned the other gently. the stone wall. His white serge suit young girl of breeding and social ex-To put a point to this formishness, a who restrected herself with full confli

She shook her head, and there was contour and in coloring. From chin inspire confidence. Otherwise I mytahadaw over the brightness of her to cheek, the skin was white, with a self-might have suspected you of havface. "I'm afraid not," she said. that of bine showing beneath, but the ing a hand in the death of the woman But I have enjoyed talking again central parts of the face were brouged on the beach."

solid, set like a rock. pushed his hat downward, revealing a quaintance with men and events. Her "Are you going imide? Sit with us, knobby forelead and half closed eyes obvious polse. And, reverting to tan won't you? Mr. Sedgwick is with me." At the sound of a footstep the man

then all but recoiled from the voice



"You rise late," it said. "I hear your opinion on it." retorted Dennett is strengthened by me. My Sedgwick, a bit nettled. "Am I to in concern is to get to the bottom of this fer that you have been waiting for

You wouldn't go far wrong.

"Take a little walk with me presentsald the man in another voice. ushing the hat clear of his face.

"Kent!" exclaimed the artist. "Well, you appear surprised. What truth." kind of artist are you not to recognize a man simply because he shaves his beard and affects a false voice. I've read your story."

"Already?" "Already! Do you know it's 10 of handcuffs, have you?" o'clock? However, it's a good story."

points." "Thank you again."

trappings of the horse?" "I didn't notice particularly. Black, I think; yes, certainly black. Rather

a large horse. That's all I can tell "Humph! Color, size and trappings

of the rider?" "Reddish brown hair with a gloss like a butterfly's wing," said the artist, with enthusiasm; "deep hazet eyes, clear sun browned skin, tall-I should say quite tall-but so-so feminine that you wouldn't realize her tallness. She was dressed in a light brown riding costume, with a toque hat, very simple, tan gauntlets and tan boots

"Hold on; a dressmaker's catalogue is no good to me! I couldn't remember it all. Was she in riding clothes on any of her later visits?"

"Any scars or marks?" "Certainly not!"

That's a pity, although you seem to think otherwise. Age?" "We-ell, twenty perhaps."

"Add five. Say twenty-five."
"What for?" demanded Sedgwick indignantly. "I'm allowing for the discount of romance. Did you notice her boots?" "Not particularly, except that she

was always spick and span from head to foot." "Humph! Was it pretty warm the last week she called on you?"

"Did she show it?" "Never a blt. Always looked fresh

as a flower." "Then, although she came far, she didn't walk far to get here. There's a road back of the bill yonder and a litthe copse in an open field where a motorcar has stood. I should say that she had driven herself there and come neross the hill to you.

Sedgwick engerty "No farther than the main road. What is the latest she ever left here

when she arrived afoot?" "Once she stayed till half past & I begged her to stay and dine, but she drew into herself at the more sugges-

"Half past 6. Anowing for a half past 7 dinner and time to dress for it, also would have perhaps twelve to fifteen miles to go in the car. The name she gave is obviously not her own, not

Sedgwick turned very white, "Do you mean that she is a married wo-

"How could you have falled to see was freshly pressed. A soft white hat perience would hardly have come to covered his eyes against the san glare. your studio. A married woman might narrow silken ribbon, also pure white, dence and knew with the same confidepending from his lapel buttonhole, suggested an eyeglass in his pocket. "

dence that you would respect her. And, my dear boy," added Kent, with his His was a remarkable face, both in quiet winning smile, "you are a man to

made him turn to the other side, where Saitor Smith faced him. tion all you have to go on?"

"No. Her travel. Her wide noin which there was a touch of some gible fact, as clinching evidence, there

"What about her gloves?"

"You never saw her left hand, did ring. Well, I suppose," continued Sedgwick, with a those of contempt in her ring as easily as her gloves."

There was no answering contempt certain the woman he seen falkin' to In Chester Kent's voice as he replied: Mr. Sedgwick is the dead weman-"But a ring, constantly worn and then removed, terves an immistakuble mark. What the connection between her and contributed anything to the discosthe corpse on the beach may be is the slon?" problem. My lumnedbuc business is to discover who the dead woman is."

"And mine," said Sedgwick hourse ly, "to discover the living." "We'll at least start together," re- side," plied Kent. "Count!" Twenty minutes of curving and dodg-

Tuenty introvers of curving and dods: gether they entered the building, while him along the rocky roads in Kent's behind them a rising hum testified to runnbout brought them to the burnpile in sight of the fown of Annalaka. The impost is set for 11 o'clock," ruld Kent. "All right," cald Sedgwick with equal tasiturnity.

"Elder Dennett," said Kent, "back from Cadystown, You'll have to face

"If I have done damage I which held me at arms' length-the that replied, so harsh and rancous it the music now. One word of warning: Don't lose your head or your temper if the suspicion raised against you by matter. There is something the sher-iff knows that I don't know. Probably it is the identity of the body. To force "And what can I do for you-before him into the open it may be necessary you leave?" said Sedgwick signification into the augment the case against

> "Ought I to be ready for arrest?" "Hardly probable at present. No; go on the stand when you're called and tell the truth and nothing but the

"But not the whole truth?" "Nothing of the necklace. You won't be questioned about that. By the way, you have never kept among your artistle properties anything in the way

-4

"No." "I didn't suppose you had. Those "As a story. As information, it manacles are a sticker. I don't-I ableaves out most of the important solutely do not like those manucles. And on one wrist only! Perhaps that is the very fact, though. "You're welcome. Color, size and shall know more when we're older; appings of the horse?"

two bours older, say. Whether we shall know all that Mr. Sheriff Len Schlager knows is another question, I don't like Mr. Schlager, either, for that matter."

"Dennett has seen me," said Sedgwick in a low voice.

indeed, the 'narrator's voice had abrantly ceased and he stood with the dropped jaw of stupefaction. One after another of his auditors turned and stared at the two men in the motor-

"Stay where you are," said Kent and

No one recognized at first the immac-

stepped out to mingle with the crowd.

plate flaunel clad man as the bearded scientist whose strange actions had amused the crowd on the beach. A heavy, solemn man addressed him: "Friend of his?" be asked, nodding

toward the artist. "He'll need 'em. Going to give evi-

dence?

"To hear it, rather," replied Kent pleasantly. "Where's the body?" "Inside. Just brought it over from Dr. Breed's. He's the medical officer, and he and the sheriff are running the show. Your friend wants a lawyer, maybe?"

The thought struck Kent that, while a lawyer might be premature, a friend in the town might be very useful. 'Yes," he said; "from tomorrow on." "Meanin' that you're in charge to-day," surmised the big man shrewdly.

Kent smiled. "I date say we shall

get on very well together, Mr."- His

voice went up interrogatively. "Baln, Adam Bain, attorney and connselor at law for thirty years in the town of Annalaka." "Thank you. My name is Kent. You

already know my friend's name. What kind of man is this medical officer?" Breed? Not much. More of a polltician than a doctor and more of a "Could we track the cur?" asked horse trader than either. Fidgety as a sandpaper undershirt,"

"Did he perform the autopsy at his "Him and the sheriff last evening. Didn't even have an undertaker to

fer from repeated handling. "The body hasn't been identified, I suppose?" "Nobody's had so much us a wink at it but those two and Ira Dennett. He viewed the corpse last night. That's why I guess your friend needs his friends and maybe a lawyer." "Exactly. Mr. Dennett doesn't seem

The labe of Kent's ear began to suf-

Lawyer Bain emitted the bubbling chuckle of the fat throated, "It's quite some time since Iry won any prizes for silent thought," he stated. "You are known hereabouts?" be added after a pause. "Very little."

to be precisely a deaf mute."

"Gansett Jim, yonder, looks as if he kinder cherished the honor of your acquaintance. Over his aboulder Kent caught the half breed's glance fixed upon him with stolld intensity. A touch on his arm

beard off," piped the old man. "Howdy, professor? You're finicated up like your own weddin'.

"Didn't hardly know you with your

"Oh, I see. You mean the wedding Sedgwick with the death of the woman. "What else can you expect?" returnhis voice, 'she could have taken off ad the old man deprecatingly, Denuett's been tellin' lifs story. He's

> willin' to awear to it anywheres." "What about Gausett Jim? This he "No. Jim's as close tongued as 1ry

la clatter mouthed." "And probably with reason," mutter-ed Kent, "Well, I'll look for you in-He returned to join Sedgwick. To-

the interest felt in them by the villagers Within a tall, wirened man with dead, fishy eyes stalked nervously to and fro on a platform, beside which a

hastily constructed come with a hasp They turned a corner and ran into ad cover stood on three sawhorses. On the fringe of a crowd hovering about a chair near by slouched the sheriff, the town hall. Hulting his machine his face red and streaming. A few In a bit of shade, Kent surveyed the perspiring men and women were scatgathering. At one point it thickened tored on the beaches. Outside a clock about a man who was taiking eagerly, struck 11. There was a quick inflow the vocal center of a small circle of of the populace, and the man on the platform lifted up a chittering voice.

(Continued Next Saturday.)

"Good moraling," said the artist, and wore."

The ex-sailor started, "Him?" he ex-sailor started, "Here? There's been quite The ex-sailor started. "Him?" he ex-"Suspleion, you mean." "We-II, yes." Teople are inclined to connect Mr.